





## FARM AND ORCHARD.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF GRADING FRUITS FOR LOCAL MARKETS.

The Useful Lemon-Grapes as Food—Why Hens Do Not Lay—Poultry Items—Farm Notes.

During the last few years many methods have been devised for the grading of fruits, showing that there is an urgent demand in this direction. These appliances are of great assistance in the assorting of certain fruits as to size, but much of the work has yet to be done by hand. Most of the California fruit shipped East is picked before ripening and is graded and packed under the supervision of comparatively few men, who cannot afford to present their fruit in any but the best shape and deal otherwise than honorably with the consuming public. Our local markets, however, present a somewhat different phase and oftentimes but little attempt is made in grading or fairness. The proper grading of fruit has much to do with its selling and keeping qualities. The term grading, as generally used, is applied to size alone, but assorting as to color and ripeness is no less important. Much of the fruit found in our home markets is of the most indifferent sort and is packed in a slipshod, go-as-you-please manner. One green or ill-shaped peach will detract from a whole box, no matter how fine the others may appear. One soft apricot packed in a box intended to keep a few days may lose the profit upon the whole box. One pale-colored orange, though of the requisite size, will spoil the appearance of a box when opened to be used. A green or soft strawberry in a basket when seen by a buyer will lead him to believe that there are others of the same sort further down in the basket.

True, it is some trouble to grade your fruit in this way, and it requires skill and decision in the packer. It should be remembered, however, that we are in the business to make money and that trouble must be expected and competent help employed, if we are to get the best of our fruit in our pockets. If fruit is properly graded, facing is honest and legitimate; but only too often is it used as a cloak by which to fish a few cents from the unsuspecting public. In some of our markets you hardly dare buy a box of berries or fruit of any kind without first removing the top layer to see if the remainder is trash. This is plain talking to the "honest farmer," but it is true and the prevalence of this evil has many times curtailed the demand for fruit by disgusting the consumers and has brought disgrace upon the fruit-growers in general. There is but one way to pack fruit profitably and honorably, if your reputation is of any value whatever. Grade it; grade it carefully for size, color and ripeness. Every right-minded grower, packer and shipper should insist upon this grading and should ship all fruit shipped as such, so that the purchaser may be certain of the quality of his purchase. In this way honest growers and packers can in a measure protect themselves and the public against those who are unscrupulous and dishonest in their methods.—*California Fruit-Grower.*

## THE USEFUL LEMON.

In a recent article in the *Medical Journal*, of New York, upon simple remedies for stomach troubles, Dr. Agnew expatiates at length upon the remarkable manifold use of the lemon as an internal remedy. The number of curative properties that the lemon has, during the last few years, has been found to have surprisingly large. Lemonade made from the juice of the lemon is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, excellent in sickness, in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The lemon juice can be used with sugar and water and taken as a drink. Lemon juice is the best antiseptic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make daily use of it for this purpose. We would advise everyone to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in a healthy condition. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon finished with soap. It also prevents chills.

Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia, it is said, may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is equally effective in curing it. It will remove dandruff, rubbing the roots of the hair with it. It will alleviate and finally cure coughs and colds, and heal diseased lungs, if taken hot on going to bed at night. Its uses are manifold, and the more we enjoy it internally the better we shall find ourselves. A doctor who is trying it experimentally in malaria fevers with great success, and thinks that it will in time supersede quinine.

## GRAPES AS FOOD.

It is now considered by scientists and well informed men in all professions, that as food for human beings there is nothing in the vegetable world superior to good varieties of ripe grapes, and they not only give strength, endurance and vivacity to those who regard themselves as well, but restore the sick and debilitated to health, when taken freely during the vintage times of the year in the vineyards, or fresh from the city markets. As a practical illustration of their health-inspiring qualities is the case of Mrs. Phoebe Swarthout, who resides with her son-in-law, J. F. Crosby, an extensive grape-grower, on Lake Keuka, New York. Mrs. Swarthout was 94 years old in January last, and now is in good health and strength, although she sustained a fracture of the arm three years ago, and again a year later, by being thrown from a carriage, but the broken arm is as sound as ever. Mrs. Swarthout has been a grape-eater for years, and is firm in her belief that she could not live without them. She begins with the earliest grapes in August, and has eaten an average of two pounds a day during the season. It is also well established fact in grape regions, that the large number of girls who work among grapes continuously through the season of picking and shipping, which is from September to December, or later, gain in flesh from five to twenty pounds; and many who come from the city in delicate health, return to their homes well and strong.—*Vineyardist.*

## WHY THE HENS DO NOT LAY.

One of the puzzling questions that often arise in the experiences of persons raising fowls is why their hens are not laying as well as a neighbor's, who is far more fortunate in the weekly additions made to his egg basket. From the directions given in poultry journals and by manufacturers of specifics for egg production, many persons start out with the confident expectation of uninterrupted success in raising chickens and eggs, to find at last that the business has for some reason become unprofitable.

In purchasing hens for laying, particular attention should be given to the color and appearance of their combs, which should be bright and red. When the comb has a dusky, sickly color, and a kind of flattened-down appearance, no amount of feeding or care will force the laying of eggs as long as these conditions exist. Again, the legs should be smooth and clean, and free from scales, and the appearance of spurs, both of which indicate that the hen has passed the laying age. The cock should be bought out of a different flock, and be as purely bred as possible. The principal causes of failure of egg production are believed to be: first, keeping

hens that are too old; second, breeding in and in, or a failure to introduce new blood from sources entirely outside of one's own flock; and third, keeping the flock too long in the same runs.

## HISTORY OF THE ARAB HORSE.

Wilfrid Blunt, a noted English breeder of Arab horses, gives it as his opinion, that the Arab belongs to the original wild races of Africa, rather than Asia, and was introduced to southern Arabia by the way of Abyssinia, whence it is historical that he spread northward. He was not known in Europe before the Mohammedan conquest, but since then his blood has spread through all lands visited by communication with Mecca, through the pilgrimage. The Barb of North Africa, the Andalusian horse of Spain, the Turk, the Persian and the Turcoman have been all largely infused for centuries with Arab blood. The first Arab blood in England was probably brought through Spain and France, and later from Palestine, by the crusaders.—*New York Times.*

## ROOTS.

The best roots for a poultry house are strips, four inches wide, and one inch thick. The fowls can roost on these with comfort to the feet. They should have a clear space of one foot between them, and should all be on one level, and not more than one foot from the floor. When they are made like a ladder, the fowls fight to crowd to the top; and when they are high, the hens are sometimes hurt by coming heavily on the floor, when flying down. Young fowls should not roost until they are fully grown. It is best to let them stay in the coop where the hen leaves them, or is taken from them, and they will stay there comfortably until the weather gets too cold, or they are ready for sale. It is best to have a yard for the chicks and the hens which are in coops, so that they may feel without trouble from the other fowls.

## EGG FOOD.

Here is a recipe for good egg food: Ten pounds best ground beef scrap, five pounds fine ground bone, two pounds granulated charcoal or powdered charcoal, one pound ground cayenne pepper, four pounds oatmeal. One quart of the mixture, every 100 fowls given in soft food will produce most excellent results. This recipe has never before been published, and could not have been brought from the author. It is far superior to many of the manufactured egg foods on the market that sell for a high price. It is the recipe used by James Rankin, one of the most successful, if not the most successful, of poultry growers in the United States.

## HENS EATING THEIR EGGS.

This objectionable habit is generally developed in fowls which do not have enough variety in their food, especially when confined in a small yard, where they cannot scratch, broken oyster shells, bone meal, and a variety of food should be given. A nest may be so arranged that the egg, when laid, rolls at once out of sight and reach of the hen; but, unless the bird is of special value, the surest and most expeditious way to stop her from eating her eggs is to kill her.

## FARM NOTES.

Packing eggs for hatching should be done in a way that safe arrival can be guaranteed. A neck of willow basket should be used—the best you can obtain. Each egg should be covered with cotton and over that a wrapping of tissue paper. Fine hay or excelsior is excellent material to use in packing. If you have carefully packed the eggs and packing about them they will carry almost any distance without injury.

Many old apple trees are constantly surrounded by young sprouts that spring forth where the trunk is injured by working around it. These should be cut, closely as possible to the trunk, and as fast as new shoots start, as they will when the tree gets in leaf they should be rubbed off. They not only disfigure the tree, but divert from it much of the sap, which, if sent up through the trunk, would go to the production of fruit.

Sometimes when a heavy coating of manure has been turned under in the garden, the soil is so much enriched that it, thus thoroughly mixing the manure with the soil, as it can not well be done otherwise. By this repeated turning of the soil in warm weather, more warmth is given to the lower strata at the bottom of the garden, and the manure also is much more effective than when left in one place, as the more particles of soil come in contact with it, the wider its fertilizing effect extends.

A little oil meal, mixed with other feed, is especially valuable in spring for both cattle and horses. It promotes digestion and helps loosen the coat of hair, as well as to make the new one come on glossy and beautiful. It is often said that fattening food must not be given to horses at work, but oil meal is strength-giving as well as fattening. Mixed with oat meal it is the better ration than the one commonly given of corn and oats, but it is not advisable to feed so large a ration of it as is often given of corn when that is fed with oats.

Consul Fay, of Stettin, Germany, in a communication to the United States Department of Agriculture, states that the potato crop is one of the best paying in Prussia, and the products therefrom, dextrine, potato flour, starch, etc., shipped to the United States from the port of Stettin alone during the last three months amounted to \$50,000. German manufacturers are at a loss to understand why we purchase these products abroad when we have such immense crops of corn, and especially when it is realized that the percentage of dextrine in corn is 50 per cent. more than in potatoes.

A farm roller is the most important and valuable implement on a large estate who exercises good judgment as to when it is to be used. It is just what is needed to press winter grain firmly in the ground after the surface is dried sufficiently. It is also excellent on clover in spring, to press the small stones that might be in the way of close cutting with the mower. But it should not be used on spring grain until the latter is up three or four inches, nor on corn ground at any season, if the soil be at all heavy. Corn ground needs to be light, as possible, and it cannot be made light by harrowing up, not by rolling down.

The first early strawberries come from plants two or more years old; hence it is often well to have an odd patch somewhere to furnish the first family supply. But, of course, the largest and finest fruit comes from the new bed of younger and more thrifty plants. In testing new varieties of strawberries for earliness, we always plant at the same time several of the odd standards for comparison. Early summer planting of strawberries pays, while neglect of a few weeks, just at the proper season, causes almost a total failure. Very early spring is the best time in the whole year for strawberry planting; but if it is neglected then, and you want berries the next year in June, you may have them if planting is done very early in August. But don't fool yourself into thinking that they will be planted at any time in the fall, and then turn to any extent next June. They will not do it.

There is a great deal of waste land, even on small and generally well cultivated farms, and proportionately much more on those that are larger. On the large farm especially, places that cannot be got with plow and horse, are left to grow up in weeds or bushes, which always tend to widen their range into cultivated fields. So far from being merely useless, the waste ground quickly becomes a nuisance to all around it. A good way to manage such land is to plant a fruit tree or grape vine there if the soil and location are suitable, and give it proper care and manuring until it comes into bearing. It is all

nonsense for any farmer to say he can not spare land to grow grapes and other fruit for home use. If he will look sharply he can find a place for planting trees or vines where nothing of value is now grown. After a few years these now waste places will pay better than any portions of his farm devoted to ordinary crops.

## HOW YOUNG MEN BECOME BALD.

Interesting Facts About the Hair and Its Growth.

From the Washington Star.  
"One hears a great deal said about persons who are prematurely bald," said a man who has for twenty years combed his hair with a towel, the other day. "But, as a matter of fact, baldness is not a thing that usually comes with age. On the contrary, it rarely does so. When a man gets bald it is not age that occasions it, but causes constitutional. In all my life I have never known a man to reach 45 years with a good crop of hair and lose it subsequently. Ask any bald-headed man when he first began to lose his normal cranial thatch and he will tell you that it became less and less until he was 30. For the fact is that such is the time at which a person, if he is to be bald at all, inevitably exhibits marked symptoms of it. Of course, you yourself know plenty of young men who are bald. Their misfortune is no small one, inasmuch as a hairless head is a disadvantage to the man, but the good looks of the victim, but also makes him appear many years older than he would otherwise seem. It is really unfortunate to see a young man who would otherwise be exceedingly comely transform himself into an individual of elderly if not grotesque aspect by simply taking of his hat. To perceive how important a difference it makes in a man's appearance you have only to consider the difficulty of recognizing a bald man whom you don't know very well when he has his hat on, supposing you have always met him indoors before."

"I've noticed that myself," ventured the Star reporter.

"Why, of course you have. Who hasn't? But the misfortune of it is that the baldness should come so early. One might as well say that it is a phenomenon naturally incidental to age and the decay of things; but it is rather hard for a young man scarce grown to find that his scalp-covering already shows symptoms of being merely a deciduous growth. When one comes into the world one naturally imagines that he is entitled to his hair for all events, the major part of his lifetime. To lose it in this uncalled-for manner seems, indeed, an outrage. Known as a man who is bald prematurely, you go about in society conscious of the fact that you are at a disadvantage. You imagine always that you are supposed to be older than you are—very likely with some reason. People say of you: 'I wonder why it is that Mr. Timkins comes so awfully bald.' In short, you are a curiosity. The affliction from which you suffer is not shared by the opposite sex at all. Rarely is it that a woman loses her hair—possibly because men for thousands of generations back have not made a practice of selecting those women for wives who lack a natural coiffure. Frequently you find young women with hair that is prematurely bald, but they can afford not to mind that, for there is nothing so becoming to a woman as white hair, which, in fact, whether by contrast or otherwise, a youthfulness to the aspect of its owner not equaled by any artificial known to the most skillful artist in feminine make-up."

"Many a time have I known men of my acquaintance to leavell the fact that they were not able to grow on the top of their heads the same luxuriant spontaneity that sprang into the crown of one naturally bald. By the way, I have a mention that one frequently sees in the newspaper tales about this or that person who, upon being exhumed from his grave, was found to have developed a beard, notwithstanding the fact that he was shaved after death. The conclusion is that the hair is necessarily that the hair grows after the body is dead. This is nonsense, as you may imagine, for it goes without saying that the life of the vegetable beard would not extend beyond the life of the body that sustains it. The conclusion is very much akin to that which directs the position that old people sometimes get of a third set of teeth. In such cases, the gums have shrunk away and the jawbone, projecting through the flesh, is forced to fresh cut dental apparatus. There is only one remedy for the balding people that is likely to be beneficial, and that is that they shall leave advertised cures for the complaint rigorously alone. When the hair falls out and leaves a bald spot it means that the hair plants have been destroyed, and thus far been discovered of replanting other hair plants in the same area."

"The hair, like any other vegetable, grows from a root. It derives its sustenance indirectly from the blood, and is kept healthy and in proper condition by a special gland, the sebaceous gland, and the difference between curly hair and straight hair is merely that the tubes in the former case are flattened, while in the latter they are more round. To attempt after the individual plant represented by a hair has been destroyed, to renege the existence of that plant is an absurdity. Not all the nostrums in the quick calendar will accomplish it. When you are able to procure a hair from a healthy scalp and transfer it to one that is non-productive, and that it will grow, then you may talk about curing baldness. The hair of a man who has passed twenty-five years of age and retained his natural vigour, need be afraid of baldness for the rest of his natural days. As I was going to say a moment ago, man's hair after death seems to grow, and thus the hair of a corpse seems and thus the beard is exposed to view unnaturally."

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For the Record-Union.

## CAN YOU FORGET?

Can you forget the golden days? The golden days are gone forever. We thought no shadow of our ways. Would our own faithful hearts to sever? Can you forget each tender word? Each tender word that came from ocean-depth and mountain brood. The treasure sent—fond memory's token? Can you forget each good-bye word? Each good-bye word that came from ocean-depth and mountain brood. When all the pains of absence lie deep in the heart's recesses? Ah! no, the strains of love's sweet song. That thrilled our hearts, and made us strong. Shall haunt us 'mid the world's gay throng, Or in our quiet moments—  
—J. J. RICHARDS.

## When on the High Seas.

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which seafaring men, mariners and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea sickness, ship doctors, voyagers or sojourners in the tropics, and all who to encounter unaccustomed, an unaccustomed or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well-ascertained and long-tried merit. Constipation, biliousness, malarial fever, indigestion, rheumatism and affections of the bladder and kidneys, are among the ailments which it eradicates, and it may be resorted to not only with confidence in its remedial efficacy, but also in its perfect freedom from every objectionable ingredient, since it is derived from the purest and most salutary sources. It counteracts the effects of unwholesome food and water.

A number of public-spirited women in Brooklyn have incorporated themselves under the laws of the State under the name of the Women's Hair Protective Association, for the purpose of seeing that the streets of the city are kept clean, a thing which the male citizens have not been able to accomplish.

## FASHIONS IN HAIR DRESSING.

## NEW ORDER OF COIFFURE INSTITUTED BY DAME FASHION.

Glossy Plaits, Graceful Coils and Twists and the Fluffiest and Most Coquettish of Bangs.

A few years ago so little interest was manifested by ladies in the arrangement of their hair, that the hairdressers feared their occupation will high gone, and the art itself seemed booked for a place on the shelves of the past. But just here Dame Fashion happily came to the rescue, and in her usual peremptory way instituted a new order of coiffure, the outcome of which is that we now see glossy plaits, graceful coils and twists, and the fluffiest and most coquettish of bangs taking the place of the careless brackinnet and simple fringe which once sufficed for all.

And the styles are becoming almost as varied as the faces they crown and adorn. That there are so many styles from which a lady may choose is of infinite benefit to those who care to make the most of their attractions, for assuredly one way of dressing the hair cannot be becoming alike to all casts of features.

A coiffure which may give an indescribable charm to an oval face will detract from the good looks of one whose features are cast in a larger and broader mold. For this reason both the high and low coiffure are and will continue in style.

To some the high coiffure is particularly becoming, and by these it will continue to be worn with changes as may be introduced from time to time.

But the low coiffure seems to have achieved the happy medium of meeting the requirements of the majority of ladies, and is by far the most fashionable. In fact, one sees ten heads dressed in the latter to one in the former style. It is also more comfortable and it is adapted to both day and evening wear.

The low coiffure consists of braids and twists arranged to fall low enough to just escape the collar and is then brought to the crown of the head, and presents a tidy and most graceful appearance. This simple mode ornamented with shell combs or pins is equally suited for home or street, and for dress occasions, when adorned with jeweled pins, feathers, aigrettes, or flowers, becomes an exceedingly stylish head-dress. Just now flowers, suggestive of the fair spring season, are much worn in the hair, although some still affect bows and ribbons for the evening, flowers are by all odds the most beautiful, and for young ladies, nothing more appropriate can be selected. Both the high and low coiffure are in high favor in Paris and London, and are more elaborate than the American styles. Parisian modes, by which the world of fashion was once ruled, however, no longer lead, and our ladies find more quiet tastes better suited by those designed by competent artists in our midst. Fashionable bonnets can only be worn to advantage with a front piece and the back coiffure reaching to the nape of the neck, the bonnet or toque being supported with a shell comb or other ornament placed in the top of the hair. The styles in front pieces or bangs are more numerous than ever, and are divided over an uncertain number of styles, and work hard and the man who worries loses the power which comes from concentration and a calm putting forth of his whole force. There is nothing to be gained by this brooding; there is everything to be lost. A strong life is one which commands itself and does not give up the rudder to every wind of circumstance. When the time of uncertainty comes to a strong man, he is not deflected from the thing in hand; if possible, he puts more strength and skill into it; not defying fortune, but accepting Providence by that calm doing of one's work which goes with the consciousness that the honest laborer is worthy of his hire, and that work well done to day means the opportunity of more work to-morrow. Take your life bravely and strongly, if uncertainties come into it, meet them with quiet courage and good cheer. Above all, keep heart and hand in your work, and trust the future to that Divine Providence which has ordered the falling of every sparrow.

A Persistent Peddler.  
"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a careworn-looking man, as he walked into an office the other day.  
"We have no use for one," replied the cashier.  
"But you should always look into the misty future," went on the peddler demurely. "Next winter you will want to make holes in your boot heels so you can get your skates on."  
"I use club skates—no straps required."  
"I may want to stretch some boards over some time. The old-fashioned method of driving screws in with a hammer is pernicious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screws, as it were."  
"Nothing to-day, sir."  
"The gimlet also acts as a corkscrew."  
"I don't want it."  
"It may be used as a tack-hammer, a cigar-holder and also a tooth-brush."  
"I don't want it."  
"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest, and a lunch-box attachment."  
"I can't help it. I don't want it."  
"I know you don't. You're one of those mean men that won't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant, a trip to Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You are the kind of a man who would live near an electric light to save a gas bill."

And the peddler walked out with his mental plunge on the perpendicular.—*Texas Siftings.*

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often their own hairdressers, will find the subject directed to service. Wave the hair at the temples and back of the ears to the neck with small curling tongs; twist or tie all the hair three inches below the crown. Place a pointed bang dressed very light and fluffy on the forehead, extending back to the crown. Arrange the ends of the back hair in two or three loose rolls on the crown to meet the front curls. The lower part of the coiffure is composed of three wavy tresses curled at the ends, and interlaced in the upper hair so as to appear natural. Ornament with shell or fancy pins. If the hair is not long enough to dress the upper part of the coiffure, a light switch of the required length should be added.

## ENTHUSIASM AND KNOWLEDGE.

Things that a Boy Ought to Know at Eighteen.

(President Dwight in April Forum.)  
A youth of eighteen who is to have the best chances should know how to study, and how to do it with enthusiasm also, because he learned the lesson at least five years before.

Enthusiasm, guided and controlled by knowledge as to the use of the powers, is the true life of a living man alive with the spiritual forces. Everything else is asleep or is dead.

I make my starting point and my guiding thought the thought that he should learn how to study, and should gain enthusiasm at the beginning.

In the first place, I think, the study of language may be most helpfully and successfully started in these earliest years. The boy moves joyously where the man finds only labor and weariness. The children of our household to-day may gain the same thing that we have gained at twenty-five, and far more than we gained when they are ten or twelve; and the progress is like the joyful song of their childhood, when they are led along the rational method. They grow up into French or German, as it were, as they grow up into English, and talk and read and sing in these languages just as they do in their own. Why should they not breathe in enthusiasm with every breath of their learning? It was with a great price, indeed, that we obtained this freedom. But they were free boys.

Let me say here, that, in my judgment, every boy who has the best chances ought to have the mastery of the French or German language (I should say of both) before he is eighteen years of age—a mastery kindred to that which he has of English. He should also have a knowledge of Greek and Latin as well as power in and over those languages, and will enable him to read them with ease and satisfaction when he enters upon his college course. The man who knows the ancient languages as he ought to know them, will never contented with holding a place in the education of all widely educated and roundly educated men.

The boy who has the best chances ought, in the years between twelve and eighteen, to be set forward on his course in history and the beginning, at least, of the literature of his own language.

My feeling is that the boys who have the best chances should know something of music, and should, at least, see the opening of the door toward art studies. This opinion is now well established. It is now well established, I believe, that the boy who is instructed in vocal music with a measure of success, will believe that the same thing can be accomplished in the line of instrumental music.

That the mathematical studies should be pursued energetically before the youth has reached the age of which we are speaking, I may add, is admitted by all. The men of the former generation and the men of our day agree at this point.

A Test of Courage.  
One of the severest tests of courage is to carry on one's life quietly and habitually under the cloud of a great uncertainty—something which makes it uncertain in what direction one's activity is hereafter to be put forth. This is not an uncommon experience; but, although it happens to many, it is never so keenly felt as it is to bear. Living by faith always involves a struggle even for the most heroic souls, and most of us learn by the most painful processes. Nevertheless, if we are to live with any strength and peace, learn it now, or later. If one broods over an uncertain future, he is paralyzed and work hard and the man who worries loses the power which comes from concentration and a calm putting forth of his whole force. There is nothing to be gained by this brooding; there is everything to be lost. A strong life is one which commands itself and does not give up the rudder to every wind of circumstance. When the time of uncertainty comes to a strong man, he is not deflected from the thing in hand; if possible, he puts more strength and skill into it; not defying fortune, but accepting Providence by that calm doing of one's work which goes with the consciousness that the honest laborer is worthy of his hire, and that work well done to day means the opportunity of more work to-morrow. Take your life bravely and strongly, if uncertainties come into it, meet them with quiet courage and good cheer. Above all, keep heart and hand in your work, and trust the future to that Divine Providence which has ordered the falling of every sparrow.

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"It may be used as a tack-hammer, a cigar-holder and also a tooth-brush."  
"I don't want it."  
"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest, and a lunch-box attachment."  
"I can't help it. I don't want it."  
"I know you don't. You're one of those mean men that won't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant, a trip to Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You are the kind of a man who would live near an electric light to save a gas bill."

And the peddler walked out with his mental plunge on the perpendicular.—*Texas Siftings.*

It is understood that among the 60,000 Hebrews in New York there is not one single saloonkeeper.

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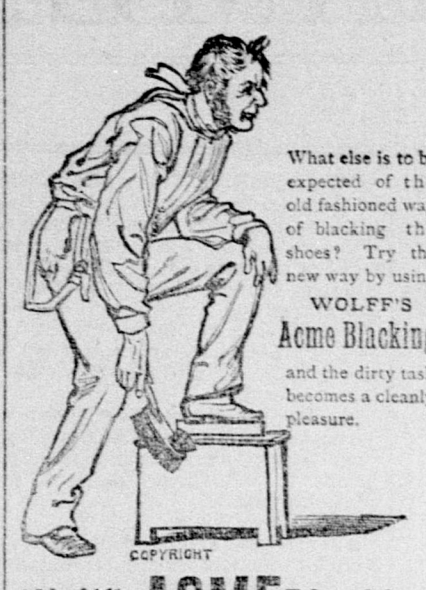
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Sweat-Groan-Growl.



What else is to be expected of the old-fashioned way of blacking the shoes? Try the new way by using WOLFF'S Acme Blacking and the dirty task becomes a cleanly pleasure.

WOLFF'S Acme Blacking. The dirty task becomes a cleanly pleasure.

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## DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE  
SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

Published six days in each week, with Double Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION.

Published every Sunday morning, making a

splendid seven-day paper.

For one year, \$5.00

For six months, \$3.00

For three months, \$1.50

Subscribers served by Express, Prepaid

Cents per week. In all interior cities and towns

the paper can be had of the principal Periodical

Dealers, Newsmen and Agents.

The SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per month.

The WEEKLY UNION

Is the cheapest and most desirable Home, News

and Literary Journal published on the Pacific

coast. The SUNDAY UNION is sent to every

subscriber of the WEEKLY UNION.

Terms for both one year, \$2.00

The WEEKLY UNION alone per year, \$1.50

The SUNDAY UNION alone per year, \$1.00

All these publications are sent either by Mail

or Express to subscribers at special rates.

The Best Advertising Medium on the Pacific

coast.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as

second-class matter.

The RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and

WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the

Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive

the full Associated Press dispatches from all

parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,

they have no competitors either in influence or

home and general circulation throughout the

State.

San Francisco Agencies.

This paper is for sale at the following places:

L. P. Fisher's, 204 N. Merchants' Exchange,

California street; also at the Market Street

Agents for San Francisco, the principal News

Stands and Hotels, and at the Market Street

Ferry.

Also, for sale on all Trains leaving and

coming into Sacramento.

Weather Indications for To-day.

California—Fair weather; northwesterly

winds, nearly stationary temperature.

Oregon and Washington—Fair weather, with

exception of local rains in Northwestern Wash-

ington; westerly winds, slightly warmer.

GROWTH OF PROFIT-SHARING.

The RECORD-UNION recently commented

on the incorporation of the largest dry

goods establishment in the United States,

and the taking of the stock by the em-

ployees. So far as that house is concerned

the labor question is settled among its brigs-

ade of wage-earners, and the money ques-

tion among the proprietors. For the laborer

in the vast establishment was capitalized,

and the capital has been distributed ac-

cording to the output of labor along the

whole line of the workers. We now learn

of an instance in the West, which, while

not so broad in its operation, is in line

with the processes that are quietly and

amicably adjusting the relations of em-

ployer and employee. A great steel com-

pany in Illinois has arranged with its

many hundred employees to pay them a

premium upon the wages they earn as a

sort of profit-share, and to be an addition

to the wage. The idea is to interest the

workers in the concern, and thereby con-

serve economy and enhance efficiency.

The workmen have welcomed the offer

with enthusiasm.

Profit-sharing is steadily making its way

in this country, and in no instance of

which we have knowledge has it been

abandoned where once introduced. It

originated in Paris some sixty years ago

with a firm of house-painters, and has in

that city a firm footing in public confi-

dence and the satisfaction of employers. In

this country some have tried it who have

not found it so successful as they antici-

pated, but in all such cases the partial fail-

ure has been due to the management

rather than to defect in the system. It

has been introduced for now many years at

Fall River with eminent success; in sev-

eral large manufacturing in New York, in

the Dodge Felt Works in the Adirondacks,

where a large community enjoys the ben-

efits of the system, and has for twenty-one

years. The last annual report of Mr. Dodge

shows that there the system has been

equally profitable to the wage-earner and

wage-payer. He calls it the "just

distribution of earnings." At Nottingham,

England, last January profit-sharing

was introduced in the Arkwright

Tool Works, the masters taking out 5 per

cent of the net profits as interest on the

invested capital; 10 per cent. is put aside

as a reserve fund against bad years and to

meet sudden exigencies; half the re-

mainder goes to the owners of the works

and the other half is distributed among

the wage-earners in proportion to the

wages their skill commands.

This profit-sharing, as a means of ad-

justing on an amicable basis the relations

of employer and employee, is making head-

way, for it is adopted in a very large num-

ber of establishments throughout the

country that for obvious reasons cannot be

catalogued here—nor, indeed, until the

census is completed will it be possible to

get the full statistics. Mr. Powderly re-

sponds to have studied the system thor-

oughly, and, while he pronounces his

sympathy for the eight-hour movement, he

is convinced that the profit-sharing scheme

will swallow it up and take its place.

Under that system the workers, having a

definite interest in the earnings of the

business, will be disposed to work as long

as they choose, and that will be the longer

rather than the shorter time, until their

new condition of semi-proprietorship ren-

ders them independent and enables them

to become owners and the masters of their

own time.

There has perhaps been no more intelli-

gent and concise expression upon this sub-

ject than that we find in the New York

Tribune of the 6th instant.

The vast body of industrial and economic

information accumulated in recent years has

brought to the world no more valuable fruit-

than the certainty that wages and profits tend

toward an equal division of the results of

labor. It is already a great partnership, of

which one or both parties may be unconscious,

though both are forced into it by the imper-

ious laws of the Creator. Capital stands on one

side, with managing ability and an opportunity

to establish an industry. Labor stands on the

other side, and without it capital can make

nothing, as labor can also make nothing with-

out the capital and management. The natural

division in such a case is the sharing of profits:

to labor half to capital and management half,

for each is equally necessary to the other. The

statistics accumulating year after year in a

multitude of industries prove that the tendency

is constantly toward this equal division. In

particular branches of industry, where the pro-

portion of capital required is largest, or where ex-

ceptional ability in management is necessary to

success or exceptional risks are involved, the

proportion taken by labor falls below half. In

others, where the labor required is especially

skilled or the capital relatively small, labor

takes more than half. But all industries con-

sidered, the tendency is toward recognition

of the fact that labor is exactly as necessary to

capital as management and capital to man-

agement are to labor.

It seems to many that this blind working of

natural laws is sufficient. They think it

blind, though universal laws ever have infinite

forethought. It is not perceived by them that

if justice is done in any branch of industry,

laws more powerful than men can make tend

to be done. Here capital and labor, each con-

sidering the exceptional profits draw more cap-

ital and management into that business until

the competition is so keen that the business

takes too much, as a result the business be-

comes less profitable than others to capital, and

the number of employers shrinks, and pre-

sently the laborers are forced to bid against each

other for employment, and wages fall. In the

long run the adjustment is so irresistible

that the richest combinations of capital have

been vanquished by it, and the most powerful or-

ganizations of labor have gone to pieces when

their demands have been a shade beyond

reason.

Profit-sharing would substitute visible for in-

visible division. The men share now; then

they would be compelled to know that their

share. Their returns for labor depend now in

the long run upon the aggregate value of pro-

ducts realized by labor of capital; then they

would be forced to see that smaller products

mean smaller profits to be shared. Profit-shar-

ing would teach the worker that the partner-

ship between the labor and capital is equally

necessary to both, but it is not the less a real

partnership, and not the less equally necessary

to both. If either party fails to perform its

part, the fact is that the laborer would see

that profit-sharing could teach him, he would re-

duce wages; but until he sees, he must

struggle forward unseeing toward the light.

WHY SOME HATE THEM.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, then whom few

men are better known for their fearles-

ness in political action, is one of the Federal

Civil Service Commissioners. Recently

that body was under investigation by a

Congressional Committee and Mr. Roosevelt

testified. In response to a question as to

what the Commission had done, what it is

doing now and why some leading men in

the nation oppose it, he said:

We have been in office one year during the

difficult period immediately succeeding a

change of administration, when the race for

office is hottest and the anger of disappointed

applicants for office has been at its height.

Under such conditions it is not surprising

that in the past we have been assailed by

unjust and malicious charges. We have been

assailed by the press, by the public, by the

most powerful political influences. With in-

sufficient means, we have been forced to meet

and solve our problems. We have been forced

to do so, and it is not possible that we have

done so, but certainly none have been pointed

out by our opponents.

We are being assailed now for having admin-

istered the law badly, but for having admin-

istered it well. There are upright and honest

men who do not believe in the civil service law,

and who oppose it on its merits, fairly and

reasonably. These are the men who are the

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## MUST STAND TRIAL.

**CHARLES PATRICK HELD TO ANSWER FOR GAMING.**  
Judge Buckley holds that the men who played against him are not accomplices.

The gambling cases of A. Ross and Charles Patrick were called in the Police Court yesterday. Hiram Johnson, special counsel for the prosecution, stated that he had doubts as to whether or not the Police Court had jurisdiction to try the case. He rather thought it was an examination case. Mr. Jones, for the defense, said he did not wish to argue that question, and would leave it to the Court.

Judge Buckley decided that the defendants could only be examined by him. Mr. Jones then moved that the defendants be discharged on the ground that the Court had no jurisdiction to issue a warrant on complaints which were made on information and belief.

Mr. Johnson did not oppose the motion and stated that he agreed with Mr. Jones, and would also ask that the complaints be dismissed.

Judge Buckley accordingly discharged the defendants.

Mr. Johnson then stated that he had filed a new complaint against Charles Patrick, and wished a warrant issued on it. This was done, and the trial of Patrick proceeded.

Mr. Jones asked that all the witnesses for the prosecution be sworn. Judge Buckley administered the oath to them, and then ordered them to remain outside the Court-room until wanted.

The first witness called was Henry Alter. He said he was 21 years of age, a carpenter by occupation, and visited the room over the Bank Exchange Saloon, at Second and K streets, where the game of faro was being run. He went there on the night of May 14th. Charles Patrick was dealing the game. He (Alter) bought \$2 worth of white checks, received a right of them, and played at the game. He won \$1, and then lost all of his checks. Mr. Patrick paid bets, and took in the checks lost. The witness then went on to explain how the game of faro was played, and how much he was excited.

Joe Southernland and F. W. Warner also testified for the prosecution. They visited the faro bank at Second and K streets, being requested to do so by W. W. Cone, the detective. He gave one of them \$3 and the other \$2 to play at the game, and each lost. They spent on the outside some of the money given them.

A recess was then taken till 1:30 p. m.

THE PROSECUTION CLOSES.

At the opening of the Court in the afternoon Mr. Johnson announced that the prosecution would be ready to close after placing one more witness on the stand. An officer had been sent for him.

Judge Buckley ordered a recess for a few minutes in order to give the witness an opportunity to arrive.

When the officer returned he said that the witness had left the city, and thereupon Mr. Johnson submitted his case.

Mr. Jones then moved for the discharge of the defendant, on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant a conviction, if he were tried. It would have to be proven, in order to make out a case, that a game of faro had been dealt, and that the person charged with the crime was either an owner of the game or an employee of the owner of the game. This had not been done.

Counsel quoted from a decision of Judge McLean, rendered in 1879, in a Placer county monte case, showing that the nature of the game must be fully explained, which was not done, and the prosecution therein failed.

The statute, he said, must be carefully construed, and it must be shown that the person charged was either an owner or his employee. It had not been shown in this case, that Mr. Patrick was the owner or employee of the game. Further, no expert testimony had been introduced to show that in this case the game of faro had been dealt, and that the person charged with the crime was either an owner of the game or an employee of the owner of the game. This had not been done.

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know him to be a person not easily "ruffled," appeared to be a little "hot" over what he regarded as Mr. Johnson's unwarranted personal attack upon him in his argument.

He referred to me in a sneering manner," said the defendant, "as a gambler, and attempted to draw a comparison between my character and those of the hired gamblers who testified for the prosecution, some of whom openly admitted that they had gambled for years. I challenge the young man," said he, "and all of those who are backing him, to produce a person who ever saw me in a gambling-house trying to beat anybody's game, or who ever knew me to visit bagnios or drink intoxicating liquors. I have lived in Stockton since this city for fifty years, and they cannot produce a person who can lay his finger upon an act of mine that will not bear comparison with those of any man who tries to bring to testify against me. I make but one exception. It has been my occupation, for a livelihood, to deal for others, but I am not what the lawyer calls a gambler. I am a man of my word, and when my duties are concluded I go to my home and stay there, instead of hanging about beer saloons and dives, like some of the men that I have heard of. I have no money, and to testify against me, I recognize the fact that, under the law, it is illegal to deal certain games of chance, and if they can convict me by fair means of violating the law, I shall not object. It has been my duty, for these parties cannot prove that my private character will not compare with theirs, they have no right to go outside of the saloons and dives, and besmear me, when they know nothing of my life."

## PREPARE TO FUNGLE.

Open-Air Canvassing Committee to Commence Work.

The Canvassing Committee appointed by the Open-Air Concert Executive Committee are to commence work on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, and the members of the several committees will meet their respective Chairmen at the places of business of the latter.

W. K. Ormsby is Chairman of the committee to canvass the railroad shops; Eugene J. Gregory for the First District, from Front to Second street; Tom Scott for the Second District, from Second to Fourth; J. B. Gilbert for the Third District, from Fourth to Sixth; Charles T. Barton for the Fourth District, from Sixth to Tenth; and M. R. Beard for the Fifth District, from Tenth to Twelfth street.

It is desired that all the members of the committees will be ready to go to work at 10 o'clock, as a number working together can do more effective work in soliciting subscriptions than a few. The success of the concert depends wholly upon the result of the Canvassing Committee's work, and there is little doubt but that if they exert themselves for a few hours the efforts will be sufficient to enable concert to be held twice each week during the season.

It is thought that the business men and others asked to subscribe will readily do so, as all know how popular the concert are, and how much they are enjoyed by everyone.

## AH GONG'S LUCK.

A Mongolian Vendor of Lottery Tickets Escapes Conviction.

Ah Gong, charged with selling lottery tickets, was found not guilty in the Police Court yesterday. A witness swore that Gong came to his place of business on J street and wanted him to buy a ticket, at the same time stating that a lady had won \$6000. He could not swear, however, that the tickets or slips of paper which the Mongolian offered for sale were lottery tickets, as the characters thereon were in Chinese.

The Chinaman said he had nothing to say, and Judge Buckley dismissed him. Mr. Johnson submitted his case, and Mr. Jones then moved for the discharge of the defendant, on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant a conviction, if he were tried. It would have to be proven, in order to make out a case, that a game of faro had been dealt, and that the person charged with the crime was either an owner of the game or an employee of the owner of the game. This had not been done.

Gong went down stairs, gathered up the tickets which had been taken from him by the jury, and left the court room. George Rider says he saw Gong, and that he had been to the place where Gong had been, and that he had seen the tickets which Gong had been selling.

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## SLIPSHOD METHODS.

**HOW TAXPAYERS PUT UP FOR INDIFFERENT SERVICE.**

A Go-As-You-Please Manner of Doing Things—Street Grades and Street Sprinkling.

No one can blame R. S. Carey for feeling a little out of sorts yesterday. He has been told that a portion of his railroad track on Tenth street is a little too low and must be raised, and that his track on O street, from Tenth to Twelfth, is too high and must be lowered.

To raise and lower blocks of railroad track means no little annoyance and considerable expense. Mr. Carey put in his tracks on the levels established by City Engineers, but it seems that no two of them have for years agreed in their work. It is decidedly rough on people who have laid sidewalks and railroad tracks as directed by the city's officials to be compelled to alter them at their own expense.

The people of this city must certainly be of most amiable and easy-going dispositions, as they have submitted quietly to the various inconveniences that have been caused by the city's officials, and have not yet taken any other community in the State has suffered. But they seem to like it, and go right along, decade after decade, putting up with the better recompense than seems to be their lot to enjoy.

It is difficult to find any two streets with the same roadway and sidewalk levels, and in some cases these differences exist on the same street, and have existed for many years.

The taxpayers seem to have made up their minds that they have no right to say anything about the manner in which the city's affairs should be conducted, and that they have but one duty to perform—that of paying the money necessary to keep the municipal machinery lubricated. They pay heavily for street sprinkling, and then "slosh" through streets that are deluged with water for a portion of the day and go to bed at night with their feet wet and their clothes damp. While they scrape the mud from their shoes and the varnish from their vehicles in the vain effort to cleanse them, the city's officials are lying off in the shade until the hot sun arrives to dump another sheet of water on the dusty streets.

In other communities the people compel their authorities to regulate such matters, and to conduct the affairs of the municipality on the same business principles that the awake citizens conduct their own affairs. Street sprinkling, for instance, is required to use sprinklers that will throw a fine spray, thus laying the dust thoroughly without creating mud, just as is done by a light shower of rain. This work has been done in such a shabby manner in this city that the officials, a couple of years ago, found it necessary to have the outside and inside of the wheels of the city's trucks washed in a tank of water, and to be properly the water should be put on the streets during the day, and at frequent intervals, thus preventing both mud and dust, and at the same time reducing the temperature of the hot summer days. Is there any hope that a reform can be brought about in this particular?

As regard street levels, some definite standard should be fixed that will not be subject to change. There seems to be a sentiment abroad in the community favoring the improvement of the city's streets, and when they are once improved in a substantial and permanent manner the grades should not be subject to further change.

Mr. Carey is a man of many talents, and a dispatch received here yesterday conveyed the sad intelligence that one of the most widely known and best beloved of Sacramento's early citizens had passed away.

Mrs. Lucy Louise Arnold died yesterday in Washington, D. C., at the residence of her sister, Mrs. General George B. Williams. She has been ill for some two years, and her death was not unexpected.

Mrs. Arnold leaves one son, De Witt Arnold, of Chicago, and a daughter, Mrs. Marion, Alabama, and came to Sacramento about the year 1855, where she soon won an admiration and the high and loving respect of the people. For she was not only blessed with rare beauty of person, but with the higher gifts of lovely character, an amiable, kindly disposition, a sympathetic nature that was broad enough for all kinds and conditions, and a heart overflowing with tender regard for her race.

In 1871, while recognized as among the foremost of the beautiful young women of California and among those commanding greatest respect by their active sympathy and true charity, she married John Arnold, a prominent merchant of this city, and then of the firm of Arnold & Co., 157 J street. Subsequently the firm was John Arnold & Co., 95 Front street. Mrs. Arnold was left a widow some seventeen years ago. Prior to her death she had been removed to San Francisco, but Mrs. Arnold always regarded the removal as not severing her relations with the city of her birth, and therefore considered Sacramento her home, and here her remains will be brought and interred with loving regard by L. A. Upson, her brother, and a host of mourning acquaintances.

Said an old citizen of Sacramento yesterday, who knew the deceased lady from the days of her beautiful girlhood, when she was the incarnation of loveliness and grace, and a leader in the noble type of womanhood. She possessed the rare art of entertaining to perfection. No man surpassed her in that. Her nature was graceful, her warm human heart, her pure countenance and her winning manners made her one of the most lovable women I ever knew. I speak of her warmly, for her memory deserves to be embalmed in it, in the hearts of a thousand loving friends, who knew and admired this charming, brilliant and modest woman.

Mrs. Arnold was a consistent living Christian; her example bore testimony to the serenity and compensation of a life of gentleness, uprightness, human sympathy and helpfulness. Her charities were many, but never ostentatious. She delighted to give her aid to all good work, and numberless instances are recalled in which she labored unobtrusively in aid of public institutions and public-spirited movements, in this city and in San Francisco.

One of the most striking traits of Mrs. Arnold's character was her unselfishness; she was free from any taint of selfishness that leads up to vanity, and she had the self-esteem that gives birth to courage, self-respect, and the desire to have the commendation of one's own calm judgment.

Mrs. Arnold was a woman of fine intelligence and refined taste, and her native powers of observation were cultivated by considerable travel, in which, as was yesterday remarked of her by a sorrowing friend: "She saw all things worthy of being seen, and saw clearly and thoroughly—and thought upon them as they saw." Especially was she distinguished for her intelligent observation of national characteristics in countries she visited, and of the personal and political conditions of

the people. The knowledge she thus acquired she retained clearly, and used it judiciously for the information and benefit of others.

The news of Mrs. Arnold's death was received here yesterday with profound sorrow, and all old Sacramentans who came to it on meeting each other paused to exchange views concerning the character of the lady, and to console with each other upon her loss. Their comments and words were, they placed of record, would constitute the highest tribute that could be paid to a beautiful life.

**JUVENILE PUPILS.**  
Half-Yearly Examinations at the Christian Brothers' College.

The semi-annual examinations







## THE MARSEILLES EXPRESS.

There was a general astonishment in our little circle of friends when we heard of the approaching marriage of Valentine Sancerre. What! He—the confirmed old bachelor, the skeptic of the boulevards, the scold at marriage, the gayest of the men about town, he who had sworn a hundred times that he would have none of it—Valentine, in short, going over to the enemy? And who is he going to marry? A widow! And, what's more, from the country! We couldn't make it out.

So the first time I met him I grabbed him by the collar and demanded an explanation.

"I haven't a minute," he said; such a lot of things to do. I have just come from the Mairie, and am going to Stern's, the engraver, Passage des Panoramas, for the announcement cards. Come along, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said I.

We were just in front of the Madeleine, and we walked down the boulevards arm in arm.

"It's a short story," said Valentine, "and commonplace to a degree; but since you are bent on knowing it, the fact is I am going to take the fatal plunge."

In February I was on my way to Nice for the carnival. I hate to travel at night, and I took the 8:45 train in the morning, arriving at Marseilles at five minutes after midnight. I was to spend the day at Marseilles with my friends, the Romabonds, who were expecting me to luncheon, and the next morning I was to leave for Nice, to arrive there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

At the station at Lyons there was a terrific crush. Thanks to the well-known politeness of M. Fregnot, the station master, I got a carriage facing the engine. I found myself alone except for one other traveler who had a severe executive manner, a decoration and a portfolio. He had no baggage except this same portfolio, and of course he couldn't be going far, so I should soon be left to myself alone—the only condition which makes a railway journey endurable.

Everybody alighted on board and the train was on the point of departure. There was a noise of vehement discussion just outside our door.

"No, monsieur! No!" said a woman's voice, very sweet and fresh, with an almost imperceptible Southern accent. "I ordered a couplet, and a couplet I must have."

"But, madame, we haven't any!"

"Why didn't you pay any attention to my letter?"

"We didn't receive any letter, madame!"

"Put on another carriage, then!"

"Impossible!" We have already put on all we are allowed. Come, come, hurry—train is going!"

"I must have a place at least!"

"But I have just offered you two in the carriage!"

"There?"

"Yes, there."

A little dark head peeped in at the door and immediately disappeared—as if in flight.

"But there are two men in there!"

"Well, madame, I can't give you a carriage all to yourself."

"Very well, then, I won't go."

"As you please—the train is going. I must give the signal!"

"Stop, sir, stop. I absolutely must go—and as there is only the carriage will they give me a couplet at the next station?"

"Yes, madame! Yes, madame!"

"You promise me?"

"Certainly!"

"You are sure?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

The door opened, the little brown head tumbled in, surrounded by a hail of packages and rugs, a whistle shrieked and we were off.

The executive gentleman politely seated himself next to me, so as to leave all one side free for the new arrival. She was flushed and excited, and did not deign to give us a glance, but set to work to arrange her packages in the net above and in the seats about her with the haste that people usually manifest when they have hours before them in a railway carriage. There was one bag—two bags—three bags, and a number of rugs.

I watched her arrangements from the corner of my eye and came to the decided conclusion that she was charming. In fact it is always pleasant to travel with a pretty woman than with an old Englishman with spectacles. It was bitterly cold. The country covered with snow and illuminated with a pale, cold sunlight, seemed to flee away rapidly on either side of the carriage.

Our little traveler wrapped to her chin in her rug set herself obstinately to looking out of the window at her left. The executive gentleman drew from his portfolio great state papers with seals in all colors of the rainbow—yellow, green, blue and purple—which he read with considerable attention.

As for me, comfortably seated with my feet on the heater, I looked over the pile of papers I had bought at the station to pass away the time.

Twenty-one minutes after 11, "La Roche" the train stopped. The executive gentleman arranged his papers, got up, took off his hat and left the carriage. He had hardly reached the platform before he was received by the stationmaster, who addressed him as Monsieur l'inspecteur in a tone of deep respect. Our little passenger rushed to the door.

"Is this the stationmaster?"

"Yes, madame."

"You have received a telegram from Paris for a couplet?"

"I have, madame, and have sent on the dispatch."

"What, sent it on? I am not to have the couplet immediately?"

"Impossible, madame; we have no carriages here. You can only get one at Lyons."

"At Lyons—at what time?"

"At 5:45, madame."

"All day, then. But I can't stay in this carriage until that time. It is impossible. I don't wish to—"

"Take care, madame, the train is leaving!"

And off the train went.

She buried herself in her corner again, in a perfect rage, and did not deign to cast the smallest glance at me.

As for me I set myself to reading assiduously my tenth newspaper.

"Shall I confess it? It took me longer to read that tenth paper than it had to read the nine others. I read the same line over twenty times. I believe that half the time I had the paper upside down."

"But then, after all, a Frenchman's Frenchman, you can't expect a man to make a long journey with a distractingly pretty woman and not feel some kind of interest in her. I was dying to talk to her, but I could not find or invent any pretext to begin a conversation."

On account of the cold the old time expedient of raising or lowering the window was of no avail. What was to be done? Make some idiotic remark, appropos of nothing? No; a hundred times rather keep still. I had immediately discovered, with the instinct of the old Parisian, that my companion was a woman of position. To suddenly address her, without an introduction, in any such fashion would have set me down in her eyes as the most contemptible of commercial travelers.

The only way to manage it was to find something magnificently original to say to her. But what? What? I searched in vain.

I was still searching when the train suddenly stopped with that new patented brake so good for accidents and so bad for passengers.

"Tonnerre. Twenty-five minutes for re-

freshment," sang out the conductor as he opened the door.

My neighbor got up, freed herself from her rug, which she left in the carriage with her three little bags, and got out. It was noon. She was beginning to get hungry. She took her way to the buffet at the end of the train on the other side of the track.

I followed her, admiring at my ease her charming figure, well set off in a long cloak which fitted her to perfection. I noticed also the pretty little dark curls under the knot of hair at the back, a hat of gray felt and a pair of very little feet.

The proprietor of the restaurant, arrayed in a velvet cap, and who bore a wonderful resemblance to Napoleon III, stood at the door and pointed out with much dignity and a wave of his napkin, the long table which the travelers were to take by assault.

I was hustled along with a throng of disheveled and bundled-up passengers—the typical crowd of a fast express, essentially grotesque and utterly impossible from the standpoint of beauty—rushing to the buffet.

I sat down and hastily devoured the succession of courses which were put before me. As for my fellow traveler, she took a cup of bouillon at a table by herself.

I was one of the first to finish, and went to smoke a cigarette on the platform. The twenty-five minutes, reduced to twenty, as usual, would soon be up. The travelers in groups were leaving the restaurant and taking their places in the train. I had resettled myself in mine. My little traveler had not appeared. I could see her at the little book-stand on the other side of the track, looking at the books spread out in a row. Her hair seemed a little lighter to me than before, but that was doubtless the effect of the distance. Everybody was on board; the guards were slamming the doors.

"Is she going to stay here?" I thought, "she is mad."

"Madame! Madame!" I called out of the door. A shriek of a whistle—the train was going!

"What was to be done? A thought struck my brain like a flash of lightning. She was going to be left behind in this frightfully cold weather, without her baggage or her wraps. She might at least have her own belonging, the poor little thing."

I took up in one arm all her little bags and her rug, and, throwing them at the baggage-man, who happened to be standing on the track next to the train.

"To that lady over there!" I cried. The baggage-man took the things and started off toward the lady at the book-stand.

At the same instant in the other end of the carriage, the side next the platform, the door opened and my fellow traveler appeared—frightened and hustled along by a cross conductor, herself into the seat at the train's head. Horrors! I had mistaken the woman. The lady of the bookstand was not she, after all—same cloak, same hat, same way of holding her head—but it was not she.

It was a traveler who was not traveling! How absurd that two women should look so alike! I had made a fine mess of it.

She had entered the carriage before she uttered a cry—"My bags—my bags have been stolen." And for the first time she looked at me, but good heavens, with what a look! I'll never forget that look, you will be sure to have seen it.

"No, madame," I stammered, "your bags are not stolen—they are left at Tonnerre!"

"At Tonnerre? How?"

"Explained it all to her. Lord! I don't want to disturb the second look she gave me, but I think I shall remember that longer than the first."

"I am in despair, madame!" I exclaimed, "absolutely in despair, but my motive was a good one, I assure you. I thought you were going to miss the train, that you would catch cold, and I did not want you to catch cold. In fact, if you will pardon my saying so, you need not worry about your bags; they are in safe hands—a baggage-man at the next station will telegraph—I will telegraph—we will telegraph—they will be sent immediately. Of you will surely have them, I swear, if I have to return to Tonnerre myself to recover them."

"Enough, sir," she said, "I know perfectly well what to do." And she sank into her corner again, angrily twisting her gloves.

But alas! poor little woman, she had not thought about the cold, and she no longer had her good warm rug. Before ten minutes were out she began to shiver. In vain she changed her position and drew her cloak closer about her pretty figure; she was positively shivering.

"Madam," I said, "I beg you on my knees to take my rug. You will catch cold, which will be my fault, and I shall never forgive myself as long as I live."

"I have nothing to say to you, sir," she said, dryly.

I was nervous and much excited. In the first place I thought her perfectly charming. In the next place I was furious at my idiotic mistake. In short I was ready for the most desperate steps.

"Madame," I said, "take my rug, or I swear I will throw myself out on the track," and casting the rug between us I lifted the window and took hold of the outside handle of the door.

"I was really earnest!" *Entre nous*, not really, I suppose, but it seems I must have looked so, for she cried out:

"But you are crazy, monsieur, you are crazy!"

"The rug, or I jump!" She took the rug and in a softened tone:

"But you, monsieur, you will die of cold."

"Don't disturb yourself about me, madame. I am not delicate—and even if I do take cold it will only be the just reward of my unpardonable stupidity!"

"My dear, your lastest, for of course, as you say, it was good—but how could you have taken that other woman for me?"

"Because she was so pretty!"

She smiled, the ice was broken—the ice of conversation, mean, for otherwise I was chattering with the cold. But how soon I forgot the cold, the journey—everything. She was delicious, exquisite, adorable, a clever mind, bright, gay, original. She was fond of traveling like myself—like myself she had been in Italy, in Spain. She dreamed of going to Egypt just as I did. In literature, music, in everything, in fact, the same tastes as mine. And then, only that, a host of mutual friends.

She was intimate with the Saint James, with the Savoy, particularly with the Mont-Vandoe, and to think that I might have seen her twenty times at those houses, and that I did not notice her.

"Where were my eyes? I should like to know—where were my eyes?"

She spoke freely, pleasantly, with that distinguished simplicity which I always so much admire, with a little—very little Southern accent—almost imperceptible, rather a lisp—giving a little bird-like sound to her voice. It was entrancing.

But, although I did everything to keep from showing it, heavens! how cold I was. As Dijon (2:20 P. M.) my right hand was seized with a cramp. We telegraphed to Tonnerre for the bags. At Maelon (4:25 P. M.) the left foot went the same way. A dispatch from Tonnerre saying that the baggage would reach Marseilles the next day. At Lyon-Serravallo (5:35 P. M.) my left hand became insensible. She forgot to claim her coupe-let. At Valence (9:50 P. M.) my right hand followed the example of the left. I learned she was a widow without incurrance. My nose turned a brilliant purple. I was given to understand that she had never loved her first husband. At Marseilles, finally, five minutes after midnight I sneezed three times violently. She handed me my rug and said, graciously, "Au revoir."

"An au revoir?" I was in the seventh heaven.

I passed the night at the hotel at Noailles. A restless night, filled with

thoughts of her. The next day when I awoke I had the most terrific cold in the head that you could imagine. Did I dare present myself at the Romabonds in such a state? Unfortunately, of course, but they knew I was on a journey—they will have to take me as I am, and to-morrow I shall be cured in the sun at Nice!

But, my friend, what a surprise awaited me! That good fellow, Romabond, had asked several friends to meet me, and among these friends was she, my traveling companion, my enchantress.

When I was presented to her an imperceptible smile fluttered to her lips. I bowed.

"And Tonnerre?" I asked very low.

"I have them," she replied in the same tone.

We went to luncheon.

"What a cold you have, old fellow!" said my friend Romabond, "where the devil did you catch it? Traveling, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," I replied, "but I really don't regret it." No one understood this curious reply, of course, but my fair fellow traveler sent me a tender and sympathetic glance from across the fragrant fumes of the magnificent ragout which adorned the table and I was content.

What more shall I say, my dear fellow? I did not go to Nice next day, and I am to be married in a fortnight.—Translated from the French of Jacques Normandy by Anna Favell de Koven.

## DRUG STORE FREEMASONRY.

A Wonderful Clerk Well Up in All the Signs of the Order.  
(New York Mercury.)

Scene: Chemist's shop in a temperance town out West, where, among other good things, "soda water" is retailed in pretty considerable quantities. Enter young man, who inquires if there is a vacancy for an assistant.

"Have you the requisite knowledge and experience?" was the proprietor's first question, as he drew the applicant aside.

"I think I may safely say I have," the young man answered in an undertone. "Been long in the business?"

"Three years."

"Where?"

"In Milwaukee."

"Umph! what would you do if a customer gave a nod of the head as he went up to the soda fountain?"

"Let him have good old corn brandy and soda."

"A couple of short nods and a clack of the tongue?"

"Fill the glass half full of Jamaica rum."

"Suppose somebody asks for a banana syrup with his forefinger and thumb stuck in his left nostril pocket?"

"He means cognac and brandy, I suppose."

"Three nods while pointing with his thumb over the left shoulder?"

"Old Holland gin, and the same for his friend behind him."

"If somebody says 'Hudson,' and expectorates to the left?"

"Old corn, with peppermint and worm-wood."

"Removes the quid from his mouth with his left hand?"

"Hand made soap mash."

"Very good; if anything else. You can start to-morrow. If anything out of the common is wanted—you'll find all these things in our cellar. You see, we have to be very careful in making up our prescriptions, as people's lives are at stake."

**Fifty-Year-Old Facts.**  
Fifty years ago the daguerreotype was invented in France.

Fifty years ago the Massachusetts Abolition party was organized.

Fifty years ago the Mormons were driven from Missouri to Nauvoo, Ill.

Fifty years ago the banks in the United States resumed specie payment.

Fifty years ago the first normal school was organized at Lexington, Mass.

Fifty years ago John G. Fremont and Jessie Benton were secretly married.

Fifty years ago old Black Hawk, the noted Indian chieftain, died at Keokuk, Iowa.

Fifty years ago a survey was made by John Baily for a canal across Central America.

Fifty years ago beet sugar was made by David L. Child, of Northampton, Mass.

Fifty years ago John Ericsson was allowed letters patent on a steam "propeller" boat.

Fifty years ago the first patent was granted to Goodyear for vulcanized Indian rubber goods.

Fifty years ago David G. Burnett began to serve as Acting President of the "Republic of Texas."

Fifty years ago the Cherokee Indians were removed from Georgia and placed west of the Mississippi river.

Fifty years ago was established the first commercial college in America, "Coker's College" of Boston.

Fifty years ago 1,000 reformed drunkards marched in procession at the first anniversary of the Washington Society.

Fifty years ago Frederick Douglass, the famous negro orator, journalist and politician, escaped from slavery at Baltimore, Md.

Fifty years ago a law was enacted against dueling in the District of Columbia.

Fifty years ago the first steam fire-engine ever made was tested in New York. It was invented by Captain Ericsson.

Fifty years ago the Sirius and Great Western, New York harbor on their return trip No. 1.

Fifty years ago the first power loom for weaving carpets was set in motion by E. B. Bigelow of Boston. Ten yards a day was its original capacity.

Fifty years ago Joseph A. Adams for the first time made use of the idea now embodied in the art of electrolyzing by reproducing wood cuts.

Fifty years ago (1839) the first wheat was shipped from Chicago, amounting to 75 bushels. It was sent eastward by the lakes to Buffalo.

Fifty years ago the Whig party held its Convention at Harrisburg, Pa., nominating General William Henry Harrison of Ohio as President of the United States.

Fifty years ago the first railroad spike machine was put into use, making fifty a minute, forming both point and head. Henry Burden, of Troy, N. Y., was the inventor. It ranked among the best paying inventions of modern times.

A DEEP-SEALED chest cruelly tries the lungs and wastes the general strength. A prudent resort for the afflicted is to Dr. B. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy for all troubled with asthma, bronchitis or any pulmonary affection.

Berlin has seven different classes of prisons, which often hold more than 6,000 persons at a time.

A GRAY beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

BRONCHITIS.—For hoarseness and sore throat Brown's Bronchial Troches are a specific.

**DR. JACOBS' OIL**  
CURES PERMANENTLY  
RHEUMATISM  
Suffered for Nearly 30 Years.  
For nearly 30 years I suffered with rheumatism in arm and shoulder could not lift my arm. I tried all kinds of medicine but it did me no good. I was cured by Dr. JACOBS' OIL.  
W. H. HERRON.  
OF Many Years' Standing.  
Jacobs, Crockett Co., Tenn.  
My case was rheumatism of many years' standing, contracted during the war, tried almost everything without relief. Jacobs' Oil cured me.  
J. H. ROGGE.  
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

## UNCLE BILLY BOWERS.

One of the Two Georgia Men who Voted for Lincoln.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

But two Georgians voted for Lincoln in 1860, and only one is left to tell the story. That one came to the Constitution office the other day—Uncle Billy Bowers—who was hung and burned in effigy, and passed through it all with the same serenity that he invests him.

He was a picture of the old time and the old fashion—a dome-like head, a broad, benevolent face, covered with a white beard, a firm mouth, a strong chin and a massive jaw that showed strength of will. He wore a soft hat with a broad brim, and his body of comfortable rotundity was clad in gray jeans cut in the old style by "Aunt Chrissy."

His voice was strong and deep, but soft and well modulated, his firm lips cutting off each syllable distinctly and slowly, as you might cut a taper with a pair of shears. He is a minister, a Baptist—no, he left that church in 1864, and with his followers organized what they call the Church of Christ, which now has a hundred or so members in several congregations in Northeast Georgia.

"And you voted for Lincoln?" I said, by way of beginning.

"Yes," he said, in the same deep, soft voice and slow, measured words. "I was taught from my boyhood that human slavery was wrong. My father was a Whig, and in my young days I committed to memory the speeches of Clay and Webster. I committed that famous speech Daniel Webster delivered in reply to Calhoun in 1852. It was a speech in defense of the Constitution. In my earliest boyhood, I memorized the Declaration of Independence, and I was thrilled by the opening words of that great instrument. 'All men are by nature free and equal.'"

"I favored Fremont, and when Lincoln was nominated it was upon a platform that agreed with what I had always believed. As McCollum said, I voted along I said to him, 'Cyrus, I think I shall vote for Mr. Lincoln,' and after we had talked it over he decided he would vote the same way."

"When the election day came we went to our voting precinct and deposited our ballots. The managers knew how we voted, but very little was said. We were not molested, but we had to be prudent. McCollum was conscripted and went to the war, where he lost his life. Being a minister and opposed to warfare, I was exempt."

"When the first company left for the war, I thought of the war they sent for me to make them a talk. I didn't say anything unkind or imprudent, but could not say anything encouraging. It was not like the bloody preachers who told them to go ahead. I told them on the contrary that war was a great calamity, and that they would find it very different from what they expected."

"Nothing was said, but when I got through a relative came to me and said: 'You had better get away as quick as you can.'"

"What was the matter?" said I.

"Well, you had better get away. I didn't run, but I did not loiter. That night they erected a gallows. They thought I would return to preach the next day, and the idea was that they would hang me to the gallows. Instead of going there I went to the branches and filled my regular Saturday appointment."

"Cyrus McCollum went to Carnesville a few weeks after he voted for Lincoln and the boys got him up and rode him on a rail. I never saw him, and they hung him and burned him in effigy once in 1864."

"I was an elector on the Blaine ticket, and made several speeches in my district. I had been down to Carnesville and made a speech. I had spoken at Athens and Hartwell and other places, and there was no trouble, but when I got down to the next appointment it was different. As I went in I saw a great gathering at the Court-house, and pretty soon I was called on by a committee who told me it was the sense of the people that I should not speak there."

"Squire," said I, "is that the sentiment of the whole people, or is it the wish of only a faction?"

"He said the sentiment was pretty general."

"Very well," said I, "I have no desire to force myself on a community, and I left without making a speech. The night after that, I was informed, they had an effigy which they hung and burned."

"I took look upon the thinking people of that place as being responsible, because they expressed their sincere regret to me afterwards. I had the names of good Democrats on my petition for appointment this year as Supervisor of the Census for the Second District."

**HE IS A MALIGNANT BIRD.**  
The So-called Screech Owl Makes One of the Sweetest Sounds in Nature.

Often in the evening, an hour or so after sunset, the out-door naturalist may hear from the shade of a thick hemlock, or from a grove in some ravine, a prolonged, quivering note, writes Ernest E. Thompson in "The Screech Owl."

It is a note of melancholy, it is soft and musical, and it is, indeed, as Lowell says, one of the sweetest sounds in nature. And yet this is the characteristic note of the bird which has gained, for reasons unknown, the unpleasant name of "screech" trip No. 1.



